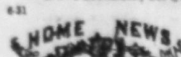


MARKING NOTICE.

HUNTERSVILLE LODGE
No. 63, O. A. F. & A. M.—The
time of regular meeting of this
Lodge will be on Friday evening
at 8 o'clock each week, unless the
Moon falls on Friday, then on that
evening.

J. B. DOYLE, W. M.,
S. P. PATTERSON, Sec'y.



—Circuit Court convenes next
Monday.

—Atty H. S. Becker was down
at Hillsboro last Saturday.

On to John Werts & Co., Frank-
ford, W. Va., for Deering Mowers and
Self Binders. May 9-12.

—C. J. Stelling of Academy, and
Mrs. E. H. Doyle of Valley Center,
Va., were at Huntersville Hotel
last Friday.

Buggy harness and Saddles at
\$1.50 and up to \$40 at A. P. Leist's
Hardware, W. Va. 30-2m

—Atty C. F. Moore and Mrs.
John J. Beard, were down at Hills-
boro last Saturday.

John Werts & Co., of Frankford,
W. Va., will be here during June
Court with a lot of Mowers. Don't
buy until you see them. May 9-12.

—The bride of Dr. C. L.
Austin was not so extensive as was
contemplated. Being brought to a
halt at McDowell by the high wa-
ters, the party had to be content
with visiting that place, Monterey
and Top of Allegheny.

—We were pleased to learn that
our young friend Clarence McNeil,
of Swago, who was a law student
at Morgantown, graduates at the
head of his class with distinction.

Day the Deering Mowers and
Self Binders, the best machines
that's made at John Werts & Co.,
Frankford, W. Va. May 9-12

—An one wishing to procure a
good railroad or sheep-house would
do well to attend the next County
Court; no doubt the bridge at Hun-
tersville can be bought low. And
we do not doubt that the road
around the mountains will be given
to any one who will build it away;
some places of it are left that would
never be picked up used lands.

Revised machines from \$25 to \$50;
warranted, for sale by A. P. Leist,
Hardware, W. Va. 30-2m.

Summer Drifts.
A problem for some of the school
boys to solve: "If it takes a letter
20 days to go from Green Bank to
Huntersville a distance of 20 miles,
how long will it take Andy Haghe
to travel around the world at the
rate he travels."

Capt E. A. Smith, is up from the
ark.

The lumber company did not
lose so much as reported at first.
M. J. Moore, brother-in-law of
Capt E. A. Smith is here from near
Jonestown, Pa.

Mrs. E. A. Smith has two sisters
living in Jonestown.

The road engineers have had
their hands out up this way, and
have fixed up the roads in pretty
good shape. Let others do like
wise.

C. F. Moore was up Sunday and
gave a very interesting lecture to
the Deering Sunday school.

Not much sign of war, so says
Jake Cary and Phil Edmister. They
are both girls and all doing well.

A. K. Jackson, has returned to
Huntersville.

Registered at Hotel Wakama
last week and this—J. Levy, of
Baltimore, O. Gay, the celebrated
French cook, Z. H. Jackson, A. H.
Jackson, W. J. Pritchard, H. M.
Moore, C. P. Tins, Joe Nip.

Set out your cabbage plants
while the weather is wet.

C. E. Weaver, the central sec-
retary has become in very calm in
Franklin and adjoining counties.
Give him a call.

Success to Mrs. E.
TUNNEY.

Particulars from.

It is reported some fishermen
near Hillsboro, killed all night and
caught nothing. A party of Mas-
sachusetts fishermen told part of
the story recently and caught one
cat fish and sixteen dog fish. The
dog fish is made up in pretty much
month and intestines like some grow-
up people in the world. One of the
young fishers fell into water, he
thinks ten feet deep, upon examin-
ing his boots hegs however, and find-
ing the boots not full of water, the
estimate of deepness may be mod-
ified. One thing is true he has been
cool as a water melon ever since on
the matter of fishing.

Mrs. Florida Price the estimable
wife of Calvin Price Esq., of Clover
Creek, who has been quite ill is re-
ported better. This is gratifying
to a large circle of attached friends.
The casualties of the flood at this
place, while inconvenient, did not
occasion very much irreparable
damage.

H. G. Barber lost one raft of
cherry and walnut lumber. He
thinks that most of it can be identi-
fied as the sawing was done by a
vertical saw.

It looks as if the question of
jurisdiction rights, will need attention
in the near future. As our lawyers
are wise, this word is enough.

H. K. S.

Mail Set Contracting.

The mail route between this
place and Traveler's Repose, has
been sub-contracted for by John F.
Wanless and C. O. W. Sharp, at
about \$800. How's that! a mail 80
miles a day, every day in the year
except Sunday, over mountains,
streams and everything else for
\$800.

We don't understand why men
that claim to have good judgment
will let a man from another State
come in here and tell us what we
shall work for, and take his mail
routes off his hands at about half
the actual cost that it will take to
run them.

It looks as though some men will
have a mail route if they have to
pay some one to get it. Why is it
it is an honor to carry a mail on an
old poor horse over mountains,
streams and through all sorts of
weather and in mud and snow three
feet deep and arrive at all hours in
the night? If there is any honor in
it we fall to see it.

The government don't want the
mails carried for nothing; it is able
to fer it, if you will ask it; and why
will you let these infernal star route
contractors come in here and
shove their contracts at a starting
price off on you.

It's some of our business what
you work for; but it worries us to
have our mails come in, at all hours
in the night. It would worry the
devil himself.

What we want is good service,
and we don't believe any one can
give good service on a route as the
above for \$800

School Commencement.

The second Commencement of
Hillsboro Training School took
place last Tuesday night June, 4th,
in the Pavilion erected for the pur-
pose in the presence of a large au-
dience. Every foot of space was
occupied and many forced to stand
throughout the exercises which they
did good naturally.

The appearance of the stage with
the light hearted students arranged
in a semicircle presented a pleasing
scene. The stage settings were
beautiful flowers, and the central
piece a horse-shoe formed of roses
and mock orange enhanced the
beauty of the scene presented to
the vast audience. The paintings
and drawings of the art pupils were
handsomely arranged on the back
ground and right of the stage. On
the left were well executed speci-
mens of penmanship by the writ-
ing class. Among the names of
those deserving special mention for

their painting and drawing are
Misses Helia Clark and Nettie Pe-
ters, both of whom did excellent
work as could be seen by some lov-
ely paintings and drawings exhibit-
ed that night, and proved that they
have a talented teacher at the head
of this department. Miss Rose
Shearer's writing class as well as
her art class, show decided improve-
ment in that line. Promptly at 8
o'clock to the strains of a beautiful
march the students took their seats
upon the stage. Miss G. M. Shear-
er, Principal, occupied a seat on the
right, at the head of the class. On
the left was the Motto "Peace Be
still" and on the right "Vincit qui Pa-
tur" and just back of the Piano, in
a half circle the lovely old German
word "Wilkommen". As the last
strains of the overture died away
Miss G. M. Shearer invoked the
blessings of the Almighty God upon
the students, and the audience. As
it would take too much space to
make special mention of each piece.
We will give the order of the pro-
gram which was as follows:

Note the Bright Horns only open-
ing chorals by the whole school.
Solemnity—by Edna Clarice
Shearer

Bookback—Illustrated Recitation
by Ernest Marshall, John Peters
and Forrest Harper.

Trouble your Head with your
own Affairs—Recitation by Miss
Della Edgar, which was nicely pre-
sented in a way that well delivered.

Poetessence Poika Trio—by Miss-
es Onida Shearer, Maggie McNeil
and Nettie Callison.

Will no Maiden Marry Me I'll
Solo—by Gus Ekridge which
was one of the best things of the
evening. Mr. Gus acted the song to
perfection as was shown by the
hearty applause which followed it.
Ingenuity Essay, by Miss Annie
McNeil, which was certainly an ex-
cellent gotten up essay on this diffi-
cult subject, and could only have
been written by one possessing this
qualification. Her essay abounded
in fine thoughts which were ex-
pressed in a way that secured for her,
close attention.

Some Day I'll Wander Back
again—Vocal Solo and Ch. by
Misses Needs and Rose Shearer and
Jennie Clark.

Earnest Marshall 1st orator of
the evening.

Parade March—by Misses Needs
Shearer and D. Marshall.

The Battle of Banker Hill—beau-
tiful recitation by Miss Virgie
Clark.

Golden Ringlets.
Selection of Trades—by six boys
and one little girl.

Children's Glee Song—by seven-
teen children.

A short recess was now given
while attention was called to the
art collection by Miss G. M. Shear-
er.

Part II

"A Voice From the Waves" Voc-
al Solo—by Misses Fannie and
Rose Shearer.

Gus Ekridge 2nd Orator of the
evening subject, Our Honored Dead.
"Drifting With the Tide" Vocal
Solo and Ch.—by Misses Rose,
Fannie and Needs Shearer.

Miss Della Marshall, Historian of
the Evening, Class of H. T.
School

Cymbeline Galop—by Miss Nettie
Shearer on the Organ and Misses
Annie McNeil Della and Bessie Ed-
gerton Piano.

Commonplace Critics Select
Reading—by Miss Vertie Marshall.
Huntress Vocal Duet—by
Misses Georgia and Rose Shearer.

Curiously Rec—by Miss D. Mar-
shall, Fan Drill and Wand Exer-
cise.

Voluntary—by Jennie Clark,
Remarks, Distinction cards &c.
"Good Night" Closing Ch.—by
school, as ended one of the very best
of Commencements. The Fan Drill
and Wand Exercise was excellent
the young ladies and little girls

were attired in Italian costume and
the little boys with wands and such-
es to march. The whole drill
showed good and careful training.
There was in all about 90 move-
ments in the two which were made
in perfect time. Distinction cards
were awarded to those who had not
been tardy at morning worship and
were received by Miss Nettie and
Master John Peters, Marshall and
Virgie Isabel and Chlo and Villa
Marshall. Distinction cards were
also awarded to those who attend-
ed over 95 per cent. in daily recita-
tions and examinations and were
received by Miss Della Marshall
and Jennie Clark. The music was
especially good and the pieces "A
Voice From the Waves" "Drifting
With the Tide" "Huntress" and
"Cymbeline Galop" deserve special
mention as they were beautiful
pieces, in fact pieces that can hard-
ly be surpassed. All acquitted
themselves most creditably and
show they have teachers at the
front who know what they are about.
Miss Shearer is one of the best
teachers we have ever had in our
midst and deserves the patronage
of the public. Her training both
mental and moral is certainly de-
serving of the highest praise. Truly
conscientious teachers are hard
to find, but we have them. Decid-
ed improvements have been made
in the Art and music departments,
the past session and we certainly
wish her success.

Y.

WOULDN'T ACT AS CHAMBER-
LAIN.—Widow Brown owned a
lodging house in Denver, Colorado.
A year ago she became infatuated
with J. J. Medley, proposed to him
and married him. Medley expect-
ed to have a comfortable home and
an easy life, but his wife's order
soon cooled and she compelled him
to perform all the office as cham-
berlain in the hotel. Last week
Medley soaked his humiliation in
wicky, bought a revolver and de-
liberately killed his wife.

The Driver of a horse at Wilkes-
barre Pennsylvania, was started
the other day by a noise in a coffin.
He opened the coffin and the ap-
posed dead man scrambled out and
asked for a drink of wicky.

When Mr. Randall says that the
democratic outlook is bright, the
republican organs are inclined to
make fun of him. They will laugh
in a different way in 1892.

Last week, severe storms prevail-
ed throughout France. The great-
est damage has been done in the
departments of Saint-Marine,
Ambe, Yonne, Haute Saone and
Burgundy, where the people place
the country is almost devastated.

A. B. SMITH,
Academy, W. Va.



Is prepared to furnish and deliver
Coffins upon very short notice and at
reasonable prices.

OFFICE TO TRAVELERS.

The mail back from Frankford for
Huntersville, every Monday, Wednes-
day and Friday morning, and from
Huntersville for Frankford every Tues-
day, Thursday and Saturday morning.
Charges reasonable.

JOHN PLACK, carrier.

Order of Publication.

R. S. Turk
Is in Charge.

Geo. W. McDonald
The object of this suit is to have par-
cels made of three tracts of land con-
taining respectively 304 3/4 and 127
acres of land lying on the waters of the
Big Spring Branch of Elk River in Pe-
casas County West Virginia, be-
tween the plaintiff and defendant, and
to Enjoin and inhibit the defendant
George W. McDonald, and all others
from cutting and removing the Merch-
antable timber from said lands until
justice thereof is made.

And it appearing by affidavit filed
that the defendant Geo. W. McDonald
is a non resident of the State of West
Virginia it is ordered that he do appear
here within one month after the first
publication of this order and do what
is necessary to protect his interest in
this suit. The plaintiff has executed his
bond as required by the order granting
said injunction.

Wm. Jones J. BRADY Clerk
June 6 41. Printers fee \$5.00

Commissioner's Sale.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit
Court of Pocahontas County, rendered
in the Chancery Cause of E. J. Riva vs
James P. Gieger and Wm. C. J. J. J. J.,
on the 3rd day of April 1891, I as spe-
cial Commissioner appointed by said de-
cree shall on the

17th DAY OF JUNE 1891
proceed in front of the Court house
of this County to sell at public auc-
tion to the highest bidder, for Cash,
a certain tract of land containing about
20 acres, the property of the late
James P. Gieger situate on the waters
of the Hester of A. D. Gieger and others.
This tract of land is fertile and produc-
tive and in a partial state of Cultiva-
tion.

L. M. McClellan,
Special Comm'r.
I, John J. Board, Clerk of the Circuit
Court of Pocahontas County, certify
that the above Commissioner has given
bond as required by law.

JOHN J. BOARD,
Clerk of the Court.
Printers fee \$5.75

PATENTS.

Carrots, and Trade Marks obtained,
and all Patent business conducted, for
Huntersville, Va.

Our office is opposite U. S. Patent
Office and we can secure patent in less
time than those remote from Washing-
ton.

Send model, drawing or photo, with
description. We advise if patentable
or not, free of charge. Our cost does
not include patent fee.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Pat-
ents," with names of actual clients in
your State, county, or town, sent free.
Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS,

—AND GO TO—

ALOURY & DOYLE'S

Where you can see a large assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER

Ready Made Clothing,

Also a nice line of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, ladies gents, and chil-
dren's SHOES, and the latest styles in ladies
HATS, just from New York.

Call and see them, and we assure polite and careful attention will be
shown you.

They are also Proprietors of

Huntersville Hotel,

Where, if you stay, you will receive the best accommodations.

1

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VI. JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, June 27, 1889. Terms of Subscription: \$1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 49.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Presiding Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeil.
Deputy Sheriff, C. H. of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com. & Co. Ct. (C. E. Beard, Pres.), R. R. Hannah.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. F. Moore.
Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, first Monday in June and first Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

C. F. MOORE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

A. STOEGER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

H. E. RUCKER,

Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

W. ARNOLD,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewistown, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Berkeley, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. STEDER,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
D. E. K. WYNDALE,

PLACENT DENTIST,
Berkeley, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

DR. F. P. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.



WATERPROOF BOOTS
WOLF & ACME Blacking
WOLF & ACME Blacking
WOLF & ACME Blacking

Little Bear.
Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
In your meek and lowly sphere,
Keep a shifty snail you eat,
Drowning many a vain regret,
In your song there's lots of cheer,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
Place my name on record here,
That all the liquids known,
From temperate to intemperate zone,
Standest thou without a peer,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
I do love thee. Yes, I fear
My affections too intense,
Cling around thee deep and dear,
Lured not wisely, but too dear,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
Stream of amber bright and clear
Do you mind the days that I
Tried to drink the brewery dry?
Oft you get me on my ear,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
Ah! How many a bitter tear
Sparkles in thy shining foam—
Many's desolated home—
Many's sorrow, dark and drear,
Little bear!

Gurgie, gurgie, little bear,
You may think I rather queer,
But I feel that I must shut
You or give the job up, can't
No more scholastic will I steer,
Little bear!

—M. M. Polson, in Atlanta Constitution.

Three Marine Mysteries.

I suppose that a hundred ships come and go where one is lost, but when our reflections on the dangers to which they are exposed be most marvellous that so many escape. I saw a list of thirty-six missing ships the other day, missing from American English and French ports, and the fate of each was unknown or guessed at. Say that half of them foundered in mid-ocean, five were run down in collision, five more were wrecked on capes or shoals where all hands perished, and what became of the rest? Say that three of the remainder were destroyed by fire and what fate shall we attach to the other five? From the moment a vessel leaves port to begin her voyage she is exposed to danger, and though a sailor may be ever so brave and hardy, he cannot shake off the knowledge that he lives on the verge of the grave. There are gales and fogs, and collisions, and fire, and hidden rocks, and powerful currents; and so I repeat that it is a marvellous sailing craft are not added to the long list of missing vessels is recorded year by year.

In the year 1885, as the British bark Lord Oldham, of which I was second mate, was approaching the Canary Islands, and when about 150 miles distant, we were caught in the tail end of a cyclone, and badly knocked about. We got out with some slight loss and a great deal of discomfort, and were bearing up again to our course when a great calamity happened. Half an hour before midnight, while the bark was doing her best under a fresh breeze, a sudden and great shock was felt. Her masts went by the board, and, as I reached the deck, a minute after the shock, the hull seemed to split open from stem to stern. I had gone below to get a glass of bitter, leaving the deck only thirty seconds before the shock came. I was knocked down and confused, but it could not have been over sixty seconds before I regained the deck. It was just in time to be carried overboard. I went with a lot of ruffe, from the decks, and amid the frightened cries of the men, and a quarter of an hour later, when I had locked myself in the construction of the masthead, I could not get on shore to say of my path to the rest of the crew. How it was that all were lost I never could make out. There was not time enough to have floated 100 men,

and my watch certainly all wide awake at the moment of the collision. The only explanation I can give is that they were somehow caught and crushed. I drifted during the rest of the night, and was picked up in the morning by a vessel bound in. By that time the wreckage had drifted apart until nothing could be found. Nothing whatever was picked up or cast upon any shore, and had I not been saved, the fate of the bark could only have been guessed at.

What did she collide with? The lookouts were on the bow, and alert and the night so clear that a ship could have been seen a mile away. The chart showed clear water for a hundred miles about, and we must have run full tilt upon some vessel which had been dimasted and bilged in the hurricane. I loaded with timber, her decks would have been awash, and she would have been as bad as a rock to collide with. There was only one shock, and the whole bows of the bark were crushed in by it.

Three years later, while off the Banks of Brazil in a small English ship called the White Cloud, another strange thing happened. I was first mate of this ship, and about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the weather being very fine and the wind light, I had all the men on deck setting up the rigging, some of which had slackened away. A man aloft suddenly hailed the deck with the information that a large whale was bearing down on the ship head on. We were a merchant vessel, and the sight of a whale had no interest for us. We went on with our work for three or four minutes, when the man again hailed me with:

"If that fellow holds his course he will be dead on us. He's a big fellow, and coming like an iron steamer."

I ran forward to get a look, and the sea was so smooth that I had no difficulty in making out the whale. He was still a mile away, coming down at about steamer speed, and holding a course as straight as if somebody aboard of him was steering by compass. I was not a bit alarmed, expecting to see him show flukes every moment but the Captain came on deck and ordered the man at the wheel to break off two or three points. This brought the whale on our port bow. As I told you, I expected to see him soon every moment. It was astonishing that he had not discovered us long before. I could scarcely believe my eyes as he held on, and by and by we had him alongside. I am telling you the truth when I say he actually rubbed us as we passed each other, and the color of him was so dark that some of the men cried out in disgust. That whale was ninety feet long if he was an inch, and he had a head on him like a brick wall. So far as we could see he was carrying tarpaulins and had no fresh wound, but he was now grown and hurried as if he had knocked about for a couple of hundred years. The fact of his holding his own in such a bill-headed way was alarming, and when we were clear of him we felt congratulating ourselves over the close shave.

We were perhaps a mile apart when the whale showed around, and the moment we discovered what he was doing we knew that he meant to attack. The breeze had now died away until we could not hope to dodge him, and he had not yet fairly turned when we dropped the yawl from the davits and ran her alongside in the back. Two

men were ordered to get water and provisions into her, and as the whale headed up for us we went off before the light breeze to give him all the room we could. Three or four minutes settled the question of whether he was after the ship or sailing his own course. He headed up for her, coming faster and faster, and when he was two cables' length away—there was a great white wall of water rolling before him, and his speed was from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. He struck us full on the starboard quarter, and the shock was as if two ships had collided. Planks and ribs gave way before him, and as he recoiled from the blow our ship settled down stern first and was under water within two minutes. Everybody was knocked down by the shock, and everybody got up to rush for the yawl.

There were two or three men around me at first, and as I was heaved up I caught sight of the yawl with at least two men in her. The whale was still at hand, lying very quiet, but I feared he would soon be aroused and attack us in turn, and I seized the galley door and paddled away to get out of his reach. While doing this a squall came down and hung on for twenty minutes, and when it had passed I could see nothing of boat nor whale.

That afternoon, an hour before sundown, I was picked up by the American whaler Richard Knox. She already had our yawl, which she had found bottom up, but had not seen any of the men nor met with any wreckage. I was again the only one saved, and but for my testimony the fate of the ship would have forever remained a mystery. As to why the whale attacked us was made more clear after my rescue. The Knox had raised and chased him the evening before, and he had been "galloped" or annoyed so often during the month past that he had become ugly. He came for us with the intention of sending the ship to the bottom, and he succeeded only too well in carrying out his purpose.

A third mystery was the case of the Janet Wilcox, an American brig bound for Rio Janeiro. I was second mate of her when the occurrence took place. We had had weather for a good share of the voyage, but the brig was now and then at a time in imminent peril. About 300 miles off Rio, while enjoying a bit of good weather, we one morning raised a long boat full of men dead ahead of us. Indeed, the boat had taken down her sail and was waiting for us to come up. There were nine men aboard of her, and they had plenty of water and provisions. The story they told was that they were a part of the crew of a large British ship which had been burned two days before. They claimed that all had got off in the boats, but that the boats had become separated in the heavy weather. They were a hard-looking lot, composed of all nationalities, and when we had taken them aboard, our captain was by no means satisfied with their story. One of them claimed to be second mate, and, as the crew had all got off in two boats, it was a puzzle that the first mate was not in command of one. Other strange things came up, and the story of the men did not hang together, and

so all hands were ordered to keep an eye on the fellows.

We got a good start of wind and had run down to within five or six miles of the coast when the fellows showed their hands. They had been allowed to mingle freely with our crew, but had carefully abstained from a remark to indicate that they had an evil purpose in view. Their boat was large and unwieldy, and we had towed it for as rather than to cast it loose or to attempt to hold it forward. I was on watch from eight to twelve and nothing suspicious occurred during the first three hours. About 11 o'clock, as I stood near the men at the wheel, I was hailed from the foremost with:

"Mr. Merlin, will you please step forward and take a look at something we can't make out?"

I afterward recalled that it was not the voice of one of my watch, but I did not heed the matter at the time. I started forward, and had reached the waist of the vessel when two men seized me, lifted me clear of the deck, and before I could recover from my astonishment was flung overboard head first. It was more by instinct than any plan of my own that I swam for the boat towing astern. Had the brig not been sailing close hauled, and therefore sailing at a moderate pace, I should not have reached it. It was a close shave, and as I hung to the gunwale for a moment I heard a great confusion on the brig. It was mutiny, of course, and I was the first victim. My idea was to get aboard again as soon as possible, and the only way was to get in into the yawl, pull her close up, and then climb up the painter. After an effort or two I pulled myself in, and just then there were oaks and cries and pistol shots from the brig, followed by a couple of shots on alongside, which meant that two bodies, living or dead, had gone overboard. I had loosened from above, and I drifted rapidly astern. The fight continued as long as was within hearing. I was out of it entirely and could only hope that our crew, who were all good men, would overcome the mutineers in the struggle.

After the brig was out of sight I got sail on the boat, and followed her to the best of my judgment. It was just in the gray of morning that I was picked up by a British ship bound into Rio. It wasn't so very mysterious that we picked up the boat and that her crew attempted capture, but it certainly was queer that from the hour she left me to this day that brig has never been heard of. But for my escape she would have been rated as lost, and the insurance paid. As it was the insurance company contested payment, and was their case in court. The insurance of that day, at least, did not provide for any such emergency. The naval and merchant service of every power was notified of the circumstance, and for two or three years every sea was under observation, but the brig was never overhauled, nor any of her old crew heard of. My idea is that she foundered within a few days with all hands, but where did she certainly did not turn pirate, and she was never heard of as a wreck. There is no such British ship as the one said, nor was any raft burned as they stated. They must have been lying in wait, but it is queer that they would be so far out in sea in such a boat. Taken all in all, it was a strange case, and no one has ever got the right end of the thread to solve the mystery.

